LBL 19 BK 4

To my dear Sisters, - Mary, Sarah, & Jemima,
With the affectionate Regards of
their attached brother
D Bailey Jr
London June 5 - 1815

Recollections of the Heart

It is in spots like these we prize
Our memory, I feel that she hath eyes

Wordsworth

Grossly that man errs, who should suppose
That the green valleys, and the streams, and rocks,
Are things indifferent — — — — —
Fields, where with cheerful spirits we have breathed
The common air; the hills, which we so oft
Have climbed with vigorous steps; which have impressed
So many incidents upon the mind;
Which like a book preserve the memory.

—

These forms of beauty have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft in lonely rooms, and mid the din
Of towns and cities I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
And passing even into my purer mind
With tranquil restoration. —

Wordsworth

—

Invocation to Memory

Hail Memory! who on the rapid wings
of moments spreadst the many-colored map
of time gone by, — whose various events
Thou traest by the agency of thought,
and individually apiginst to each
The province of the feeling whence it springs!
The mind views scenes within Joy's sunny realms,
Like flowers upon the verdant lap of Spring.
But Oh! our hearts die in us when we look
upon the wintry kingdom of dark Grief;
Where not a bud can open its soft lips,
And breathe its fragrance; where no Sun sheds light,
Nor warmth: But Sorrow withers all, and hangs,
A brooding cloud, suspended in the air.
Hail, Memory, hail! To Me thou bringest
Reflections garmented in light thoughts of Love,
And springest on my bosom, as the Star
Thou'rt hushed happiness o'er Evening's heart!

Barley
London June 1815

Inscriptions

For certain Rocks which are dedicated to
and named after the individuals of a
very dear circle of friends —

—

I have written these inscriptions in the order in which the Rocks stand, beginning with Jamesons at the extremity of the Cliff, and ending at the rock from whence we viewed the whole, and which we have named Mount Rock as applying to all of us.

D.

I

Tamsine's Rock

1

Upon jutting rock, which bounds the arc
Of rocks in this romantic vale,
Whose moss-crowned summit, smooth and dark,
Receives, but not resists the gale,
Which whispers soft as lovers' tale,
And leaves it with a mournful sigh,
As if in sooth it did bewail
Its fated flight into the sky:

2

How calm the sea it overhangs!
The very stirring of the air
Moves free of blame-created pangs,
As if some heavenly presence there
Had crossed the waist with bosom fair,
The even-smiling waist of Peace,
To check her snowy plumaged pair
On this lone rock, and soothe the seas:

3

In this sweet isle a spirit breathes,
Though earthly, of celestial tone
Her heart, where sterner virtue wreathes
With softer feelings all her own:
I know her well, – and ne'er have known
So pure a soul, so fair a form:
Your pitying rock, which stands alone,
The name of Tamsine shares from storm!

–

II

Sarah's Rock

—

There is a rock of graceful shape,
  would seem to charm the stranger's eye;
But Heaven's ray shows its loneliness,
  And none can pass it heedlessly:
So, Sarah, thou wouldst charm the sight,
  And lead thy days of life retired,
But that thy virtue's tender light
  Will call thee forth to be admired!

J. H. R.

—

To Sarah

And shall thy light strike music o'er
  A stranger-heart, yet vainly fall
Upon the lyre, whose strings before
  Played to the beatings of my heart
Affections' thrills so musical?
  It cannot be: indeed thou art
Implanted in this faithful breast,
  Aflowret of unfading bloom,
Until thy light and memory
  Awaken in Eternity!

CB

III

Mary's Rock

—

Yes – Mary, in thine eyes reflected,
I see thy hopes and fears are blending;
But Thou wilt never be neglected
By hearts where virtue is respected:
Yon rock of noble aspect bending
Over the leafy dell,
With more than forest-words can tell
That Mary's not neglected.

That rock, on whose superior brow
Deep Thought hath stamp't his image now –
A countenance, which like its form,
A tower of strength, sublime not rude,
Unmoved can stand against the storm,
Upheld by its own fortitude,
Is thine, Mary!

IV

My own Rock

That rude-shaped rock, which beetles o'er the deep,
Of visage stern - a countenance of pride -
As if resolved the tempest to abide
In moveless attitude - the whelming heap
Of rushing waves that climb its rugged steep
With vengeful violence of Ocean's stride;
'Tis idle all; the firm rock doth deride
The billows breaking their wild hearts to weep:

This rock is .Mine - unworthily is mine;
My rude appearance is my only claim
To grace upon its heart my obscure name:

I brave the world, yet Conscience only knows
The steam of weakness, that within me flows -
This proud - strung heart is, being Passion, - Thine!

V

Rice's Rock

—

This rock — whose hale wan face doth saintly smile
With ivy faded to a sallow hue, —
Seems to enjoy the scene
And languish with delight.

It has an autumn-tint, as of the storm —
The lonely, lovely, & benignant hue,
That animates the bright
& joyous harvest time,

And fills her arched and yellow horn with plenty;
While her soft presence, sailing o'er the earth,
Doth drink with her fair eyes
The scene's sweet silent calm:

And thus our friend, our amiable friend,
Whose sickness touches to a softer tone
Of mind and heart and soul,
Than our nature made him,

Pours all his plenteousness of love around
In silent ~~thrillings~~ of delightfulness,
And so enjoys a life
Of inward appreciation.

This rock is His! How memory shall sit
And muse with the fond fingers of affection
His acts of kindliness,
And thus possess his name.

—

VI
Maria's Rock

Around this rock the soft-leaved ivy creeps,
With fondness clings to its relenting breast,
And, wet with dewy tears of Evening, weeps,
Because the sun hath sunk into the west:

While at its foot an ivy-sapling stands,
Like Innocence with suspicious gaze,
And to the sun by day spreads out its hands,
Fearful of Storm, to daily with his rays.

So kindly feelings of Affection's heart
Cling like the ivy to Maria's breast;
And Lorraine's tears, like dews of Evening, start
Into her eyes, if ought of their rest;

But Resignation, like the plant beneath,
Now o'er her bosom sheds a calmer relief:
This rock we still remember to our death,
For Memory and Hope sooth Maria's Grief.

VII

Union Rock

1

Here view the rocks that shake their thoughtful brows
The fondling ivy's smooth green top beneath,
The trees below that open wide their boughs,
And each with each affectionately wreathe,
Where the clear blue sky that loves to breathe
Heaven's purest, sweetest air upon the scene;
Here Beauty's cheek can never blanch with death;
It is a spot where Hate hath never been,
But o'er this lone retreat Love's fairy form doth lean.

2

This mossy rock, on which, my friends, we tread,
Is lasting as our friendship is its heart;
Here Faith may rest securely in a bed—
The strength of stone whose hardness hath no part;
Its breast of boldness dares Division's dart,
Upon its front Defiance sits, to mock
The waves which dash with fury, and their art
Its firmness baffles, as our feels the shock—
Here hands and hearts must join on this our

Union Rock

VIII

An Inscription

For six sweet Briars, which were planted in the front Garden at Slade in the stead of some oak-saplings, which were destroyed, and like them had been planted in commemoration of friendship, on Thursday the 16th of March 1815—

The oak, that climbs not with the storm,
And to the wind disdains to yield,
Is dashed to ruin, while the form
Of meekest meekness is the Shield
Of the slender reed which waves with the wind,
And trembling shrinks the blast behind.

Although our saplings of the oak,
While slender as the reed their stem,
Might have withstood the blast rude shock,
The future storm might ruin them.
But so these plants of memory;
Their innocence will keep them free;
And the winds will pass o'er them silently

Even Winter with his hoary locks,
Like ice depending from the rocks,
Will pinion down the frosty air,
Now with his crisp feet trample there.
The animal creep with softy breaths
O'a the leaves & branches of an Heath,
As it is wont to wake from death,
Or shunn the Arctic Lories;
While fond affection's sweetest tears
Will water their new-budding years;
And when Decay shall down-turn to the Earth,
In memory's Urn repressed shall spring their Rebirth!

IX

Inscription for <u>a weeping Ash</u>, which was removed from the bath garden into the front Garden at-
Slade. -

—

Yes - mournful, melancholy tree,
Full well I do remember thee!
Beneath thy branches, low depending,
The light and shade were softly blending,
When in deep manly manhood summer stood,
And sighed in Zephyrs o'er thy head -
Lifted oneiros of the gloom below,
The dark, dark resting place of woe:
Yes - mournful, melancholy tree,
Full well I do remember thee!

To seek my bosom's bitterness,
To bid me to forgetfulness,
To thee I strayed;
Sweet pity bade thee hand thy help
To shroud my tears of deep distress -
Of my broken-heartedness -
within thy shade!
Yes - mournful, melancholy Tree,
Full well I do remember thee!

Though now thy habitation's changed,
Thou art not from thyself estranged,
But still like him, whose broken glance -
Broken by a falling tear -
Shines dimly as in Sorrow's trance -
Like him, thy mournful countenance
Preserves Grief's character:

And thou unchanged for one be
The new sensation of my soul -
Ay - let Time's rapid hand unroll
The volume of Eternity -
Still, mournful, melancholy Pine,
I'll ever think on Thee!

Farewell - Farewell! oh lonely Tree!
A long, too long farewell to thee,
Soft-hearted child of Sympathy!
The sun looked brighter at thy birth,
The dews fell softer on the Earth,
"And Pity wept for joy" at thy nativity:
'Tis thine e'en in the shade thou'rt keeping
I see thee ever weeping!

As in the earth below we laid
The loved remains of some are dead —
Thou weepest over nothing but thy shade.
Yet as I go upon thy bark
My name with those I love I'll mark,
That thou mayst long remember me,
As I do thee;
For thou art graved, oh unconstant Tree!
Upon my Heart of Memory!

—

X

Inscription for a Sapling-Ash in the Back-garden at Slade on which certain names are carved.-

—

Upon opening heaven the Moon appeared;
Fair was the face of Night;
Bright in their beauty shone the stars;
The air was flowing light.

—

The stream that carries us along
Flows thro' the vale of tears;
Yet on the darkness of our day
The bow of heaven appears!

Logan

—

I

'Tis gone: no more this weeping eye
Can linger on the scene;
'Tis painted by my Memory
In colours fresh and green;
Her pencil gives the picture breath;
It lives upon my heart; and Death
Shall blow his withering blast in vain;
It cannot die - it cannot fade -
No power can warp its light in shade;
The scene returns in flashes on my brain.

2

Ah! how my recollection clings
To that celestial night –*
Nay – now even my very imaginings
Make melancholy light;
Remembrance clears the shades away,
They fly before Affection's ray,
The heavy heart is settled ancle,
A veil is flung o'er Lorian's Throne,
The veil of hushed Oblivion,
That Love may look with an unclouded smile.

3

Bright Beauty walked the heavens that night:
Eve's lamp of silver sheen
Mixed with the stars her pale clear light;
The Moon above did lean,
And looked with more than Tenderness,
The very soft of Gentleness,
As if her beams shed o'er the world
More the effusion of her Soul,
And it was her delight to roll,
And pour the light which from herself was hurled.

—

* Saturday Night 25 March – 1815

4

That might now stain the storm of life,
And smiles away its sorrow;
Oh! what were this dark road of life,
This dreary dream of horror—
If Memory did not bind her wreath
Round Life's few hours of bliss, and breathe
The deathless incense of the skies—
Oh! what were this short span of years,
But one continuous vale of tears,
Of sorrow's tears without the sympathies?

5

This young and tender sapling tree,
Which spreads its little hands
To heaven, as if imploringly,
As bound by memory's bands:
The hand, which carved upon its rind
Its humble names, remembrances kind
The warm heart held them in regard,—
A heart of purer purity,
Yet melted to Eternity:
For her esteem our lives were poor reward.

My meaner hand, to keep this night
In sweet remembrance out,
The lovely Lilia's name did write —
Ah! Time can never, never —
Efface it from my memory,
Though Age may sweep away the Rest:
And thine, Marcia, is Engraved
Much deeper on thy Arthur's mind
Than on the slender sapling's rind:
These names from death and me shall be saved.

7

Then let our tears and blessings flow
On this devoted tree,
Ah! had it but a soul to know
This blessing, Memory!
To strike our keep, Slaves, step not forth,
But desolate thy native Earth,
If thou must pave destruction's breath!
Beyond this tree with thy foul sight,
Oh gentle Moon! for this dear night,
The murder follows not a good man's death.

The whole of this little poem abounds in beauties & is less faulty than any I have seen from this hand.

XI

The Vale of Memory

I love this vale: and every nook
Forms a fresh green leaf in Memory's book.
The spot of my nativity
Was never half so dear to me,
As these dark rocks, like Neptune's locks,
Which hang above the silent sea;
Each little wave now seems to crave,
Lifting its head imploringly,
Protection from their ample shade,
As their giant-arms are wide outspread.
The winds that sweep around their head
In roaring gusts and sobbing sighs,
Drop down into their ocean-bed
In whispers scarcely audibles;
Nor to their sea-weed couches creep,
Without a hymn of Gratitude;
That breeze which scarcely stirs the deep,
That breeze with downy wing to sleep
Flushing with

The murmuring surges of the flood,
Is whispering to the waves, and tells
The rocks' dark caves where silence dwells
With solitude.

I love this vale: and every tree
Is rooted in my memory.
Here have I watched the Evening's light
With coy reluctance take its flight,
Still lingering with its last rays o'er
The fresh-flowered fields, the leafy moor,
Arrayed in Nature's robe of green
By Morning's laughing beams before,
Whose breeze-winged feet had left a trace
Of loveliness in every place,
And now the light relumes the eye,
And cheers the heart of Memory.

I love this tale: yet many a tear
Hath fallen for affection's hand;
But can we tell one earthly joy
Without a sorrow's dark alloy?
Yet o'er Grief's billows hovering
There ever is an Angel's wing,
That flings a light upon the wave,
That fires the heart, and stirs to save.
Did not the same bright spirit move
O'er Chaos deep, the all-creating Love!
Though man's fallen state is hemmed around with care,
'Tis not the deathly darkness of despair:
In life the shade is ever mixed with light;
The eye of day must close awhile in night;
The flower upon our gladdened spirit springs,
Her heart all life, refreshed with dew her wings.
Thus human happiness must set awhile
In Sorrow's night, that we may feel her smile
When she returns with dimples on her cheek,
To give whose sweetness — words — nay thoughts —
were weak.
No more: O lovely tale! for worlds of pain
I would not cease to think of thee again;

3

Yet as freshly thy roses new smile on my eye,
as peaceful thy fields, as serene thy blue sky;
Thy brooks run as nimble and sparkle as clear,
and as sweetly their melody melts in my ear.

4

The lights of each Morning as bashfully peep
O'er thy hills, while the waves of the sea lie asleep;
Sober Evening attired in her mantle of gray
Still steeps her in shadow and darkens the day.

5

All is peacefulness here - all Enlightened by Love;
Unmuffled the air, save by wing of the Dove;
Here Nature & Love are so closely entwined
That the Valley seems conscious by tender and kind.

WB - July 1815

For the "Recollections of the Heart", to come after "The Bath of Memory"

(Many)

The Happy Valley

—

A sunny Day,
Where the salt sea innocuously breaks,
And the sea-breeze as innocently breathes,
On Devon's leafy shores. — Wordsworth

=

1

As at sunset the eye loves to linger and rest
On the rich golden light beaming soft in the west;
Thus sweetly reposes the eye of my mind
On the beams which the sunset of bliss leaves behind.

2

One year of mixed pleasure and sorrow hath past,
Mantled with sunshine, with clouds overcast,
Since thy roses, O! Vale of remembrances sweet!
First were plucked by my fingers or trepsed by my feet.

And thoughts, though born of Grief, have power to borrow
In Memory's heart a sweet delight from Sorrow.
Farewell thy flowers, delight of Nature's Eye,
Thy rocky solitudes, thy cloudless sky, —
Farewell! Thou happy, happy

Hall of Memory!

—

Sonnets

—

XII

Inscription for a Hermitage

—

Stranger! with cautious steps approach this place!
In this small nook of this romantic dell,
Far from the noisy world I lonely dwell:
Here but the foot of Silence treads this grass,
Where wild flowers breathe in gentleness: Oh pass!—
Nay—do not pass—but walk within my cell;
I cannot bid a traveller farewell,
Till he has been my guest—it were disgrace.
The spirits within are interlaid with mists;
So have I tortured down the Hermit's life:
A dame, bright Hospitality, my wife;
With her, good Lord, I cannot be—more,
Its heroine with three white locks hanging down,
Like cold hoar-frost—their hearts as icy grown.

—

XIII

To the River Lyd.
Composed after retiring from a large Company.

—

With what delightful feelings of the heart,
Removed from Company's insipid folly,
Where Lord-like joy fries first to melancholy
Upon Reflection's mind — how glad I part
From Cheerfulness constrained, — and upward dart,
Like the brisk lark into the morning sky,
Into the day-light of my Memory,
Where Feeling's waves roll uncircled by art:
As free they flow to my unwearied eyes,
As thy dear waters murmuring, Lyd!
Where late along thy soft green banks I strayed,
And conjectured my fancy's Laughing Sprite
At thy fair feet in mirthfulness had laid
Her violet and primrose carpeting. ×

—

× Tuesday night 21 March 1815

To the same

2

Oh yes! the picture lies upon my mind
Of that fair freshening lee I slowly wandered
Beside thy moaning steam, and inwardly pondered
With inward tears of joy deep, undefined —
A feeling silent as the slumbering wind,
Which by low-breathing breezes told that soul
Was not extinct, — so hushed my joy — my blind —
For some short space my fixed eye could not look
Around the heavenly scene. — Love Paradise
Did seem paint more richly to the eyes,
Did seem pour into the enraptured ear
Lovelier, softer, sweeter melodies.
The water's music was the voice of Fear,
Not hope-born Fear, that whispers to the wise.

—

XIV

Sidmouth Beech

A Night Scene

Girt with her silver Zone of light, the Moon
Seemed "pale with thought", and moved on silently,
And thinly-scattered stars did stud the Sky.—
All, all-was hushed. The air intensely listened
To Ocean's waves; and as they curled their heads,
And breaking shed their snow-white robes of foam
Upon the silent Sands, methought the Moon
Put forth her beams, brightening with joy to find
So still, so delicate a resting-place:
And as a mother greets her infant's smiles
With fonder kisses that it is her own;
Thus shone the Moon enraptured on the foam
Of her own tides. — I walked on the Sea-shore.
My mind reposed with thought upon the Scene.

Tuesday night Haslock
March 21- 1815

This is the evening sonnet I take to be the most beautiful of the whole it is powerful to a degree without being in the least obscure & the other is vigorous throughout & in parts [illegible] borders upon the sublime.

XV

Written in commemoration of a walk to the Beech at Slade by Jamsie, Maria, and DD.

We stood upon the shore, and heard the winds
And tossing waves in mad contention. Nature
With her dishevelled tresses shrieked aloud,
And solemnly called on pitying heaven
To calm the fierce tempest in her breast.
The sea raged on in mockery. The clouds,
So large, so black, seemed banners of the winds,
And waved in bold defiance o'er the scene.
Above the whole towered Grandeur; and sublime
Imaginations, striped with feelings deep,
Enlarged our souls. The light of rapture broke
In frequent flashes from our eyes. O God!
In storm how great, how awful thy voice!
How sweet its tone in Stella's ear!

Thursday Evening
March 23 - 1815

The End

Contents

Page

Invocation to Memory

Inscriptions for Rocks —

I Lancrumb's Rock —— 1

II Sarah's Rock —— 3

III Mary's Rock —— 4

IV Mycenae Rock —— 5

V Rice's Rock —— 6

VI Marian's Rock —— 7

VII Lucia Rock —— 8

Inscriptions for Trees

VIII For the Sweet Briar —— 9

IX For a weeping ash —— 11

X For a Lofty ash —— 14

XI Vale of Memory —— 18

Sonnets

XII Inscription for a Hermitage —— 22

XIII — 1 To the River Lyd —— 20

2 To the same —— 24

XIV Sidmouth Beach, a topic Scene —— 25

XV Written in Commemoration of a walk to the Beech at Sloden —— 26